

J W Abernethy

Dear Man :

Here is your (my) poem. I
tho't it a pity you sh'd be put to
so much trouble by a such
a trifle. Yet it breathes a very
sincere & solemn sentiment, does it
not? When we get to a time we
cant rescue the great Thoreau, I
hope the human race may be
damned & disappear, to give place
to the birds!

Wm Sloane Kennedy

Belmont. Mass
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now you are
do help you are much
better of now.

Louise



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The British Scott
touch fetched me
I'm one
myself, that
French &
English
mixed
but
chiefly
Scotch